

THE

QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR JOURNALISTS



FRESH OFF THE DUPLEX

April, 1951

Editor Bob Ledwell (right) and Pressman Randolph Brannon inspect the Lake Water (Fla.) Highlander, venture of two former Miami reporters. See page 12.

25 Cents

Bylines in This Issue

FRED HAMPSON, who is now looking at the China he knows so well from "Hong Kong—Iron Curtain Peephole," (page 8) is a veteran in Far Eastern news coverage who island-hopped to his present post as *Associated Press* bureau chief by way of Pacific war correspondence.

A graduate of the University of Washington, Fred had nearly fifteen years of newspaper work before joining the AP in the late '30s. He reported for the *Tacoma News Tribune*, the *Aberdeen (Wash.) Daily World* and the *Portland (Ore.) Journal*. In 1943 he went to the Pacific to cover campaigns in the Solomons, New Guinea and the Philippines for the AP.

After the war he went to Shanghai as bureau chief for China and Hong Kong. He opened offices in various Chinese cities which were closed, one by one, as the Communists took over. He covered the fall of Shanghai and remained seven months under the Reds, a period in which the AP kept its bureau alive by selling its report to private subscribers as the free newspapers disappeared. The Reds finally closed the bureau by direct order on Oct. 1, 1949, their first such order which once and for all clarified their position on the distribution of news.

Hampson left Shanghai on the last of the Isbrandtsen blockade runners on Dec. 10, 1949, and set up his office in Hong Kong. His bureau also supervises coverage in Formosa and Indochina.

THE voice of the people is expressed teach day in thousands of "Letters to the Editor" (page 10) but only rarely is it one voice, says **Carl R. Kesler** in discussing this popular feature of American editorial pages. Letters, he declares, can be "instructive, inspiring, amusing, exasperating" to the man who edits them. The job also has its booby traps.

Kesler has been doubling in vox populi as an editorial writer for the *Chicago Daily News* and as editor of **THE QUILL** (which launched its own column, "From Quill Readers" in the March Issue).

He joined the editorial page staff of the *Daily News* a year ago after many years in the newsroom as deskman, state and assistant city editor. He reports that his last previous experience with letters to the editor was as a very young city editor of the *Quincy (Ill.) Herald-Whig*. In those days most readers didn't bother to write—they came in and delivered

their opinions personally, with gestures.

JOHN T. BILLS, author of "Reporter into Publisher" (page 12), says this story of how two former Miami reporters are building a rundown little daily into modest fame and prosperity is the first of a series designed to show there is still opportunity for newspapermen of all ages to get ahead.



JOHN T. BILLS

His next, "Grass Roots Yield Pay Dirt," will appear in the May issue.

John is managing editor of **THE QUILL** and news director of Miami's **WQAM**. He has been city editor of the *Miami Herald*, reporter for the *Dallas Morning News* and publisher of two Texas weeklies. He has been a director of the National Association of Radio News Directors and last November was awarded Sigma Delta Chi's Wells Memorial Key for distinguished service to the journalistic fraternity.

He migrated to Florida more than a decade ago. In booming, news-conscious Miami, John added a postgraduate course to a native Texan's conviction that practically anything is possible. So far as his many friends know, he failed in only one thing in his life. As an Army Air Corps pilot in the late '20s, he tried to fly an airplane through a mountain.

TELEVISION of sports presents a new challenge to the newspaper sports page, but the alert sports writer will meet it and still have the edge, says **Leo Fischer**, sports editor of the *Chicago Herald-American*, in "T-V Challenge to Sports Writer. Story Behind Victory" (page 7). The editors of **THE QUILL**, who are on all sides of the communications fence, consider this article outstanding in its fairness.

Leo is one of Chicago's three newspaper Fischer brothers—the others are Jo, *Sun Times* cartoonist, and Maurice (Ritz), assistant city editor of the *Daily News*. Leo started his professional career with his own "work and learn" plan. He rose from office boy at \$5 a week to handyman on the old *Examiner* sports desk at \$12 while completing school and attending Northwestern University.

In his years as sports editor he has led in organization of the Amateur Softball Association (the world's largest amateur sports body), and the College All-Star Basketball game (which holds a world's record for attendance). For ten years he conducted a professional basketball tournament from which present pro basketball grew, and developed the *Herald-American's* Monday Quarterback Club, largest of its kind. In World War II he was cited for USO aid. He is now president of the Headline Club, Chicago professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi.

PHILIP MAXWELL, editorial promotions manager of the *Chicago Tribune* and director of its annual Chicagoland Music Festival, goes behind the scenes of a typical festival at Soldiers' Field to show why this form of newspaper promotion is gaining popularity in many cities. "Music Promotes Newspapers" (page 19) tells how both music and showmanship are combined in these spectacles.



PHIL MAXWELL

Before joining the *Tribune* in 1929, Phil worked on Indiana and Kentucky newspapers. In addition to the festival, Maxwell heads up the *Tribune's* annual Good Fellow campaign and directs the newspaper's support of the Reserve Officers Training Corps program.

Phil's interest in music is more than promotional. With Mrs. Maxwell, daughter of Royal E. Purcell, for nearly 50 years publisher of the *Vincennes (Ind.) Sun*, he is a song publisher, composing (she the music and Phil the lyrics) of "Wheels A'Rolling," the theme song of the pageant at the 1948-1949 Chicago Railroad Fair, "Toast to Music" and a new patriotic number, "Let's Sing to Victory."

Phil is a brother of W. Donald Maxwell, city editor and assistant managing editor of the *Tribune*. Both Maxwells are alumni of DePauw University.

IN the February issue of **THE QUILL**, a young newspaperman voiced his doubts of "attinging" for a larger city newspaper which sold quite a few papers in his small city. In "So You String for Your Competitor" (page 15), a veteran of both small and large city journalism doubts the younger man is working for a "competitor." A good home town newspaper, he as-

serts, has no real outside competitor.

Robert F. Packwood for the last five years has been city editor of the Beaumont (Texas) *Enterprise*, a newspaper of 50,000 circulation in a city of 100,000. Since his graduation from the Missouri J-School in 1933, he has been city editor of the Creston (Iowa) *News Advertiser*; editor of the Trenton (Mo.) *Republican-Times* and managing editor of the Canton (Ill.) *Daily Ledger*, papers of 3,500 to 10,000 circulation in cities of 7,000 to 13,000.

"In other words," he writes, "I have labored on small dailies in the shadow of Des Moines, Kansas City and Peoria and Chicago and all three small dailies did all right. And I have also labored as the shadow over small dailies and weeklies in twenty Texas and Louisiana counties and parishes, and they are doing all right, too."

IF Philip Wylie was looking for reaction from newspapermen to his "What Freedom of What Press?" in the February issue of *THE QUILL*, he got it. Readers' comment runs to four columns on pages 22 and 23 of this issue. (The usual communications from stray single-taxers and vegetarians were turned over to Phil for his own memory book.

In the May issue, *THE QUILL* will publish an article answering Wylie's contention that editors are "mental children" living in terror of advertisers and other pressure groups. Its author, Norman E. Isaacs, is the able young managing editor of the St. Louis *Star-Times*. He has a very special qualification to answer the Wylie article. The *Star-Times* subscribed to Wylie's column and Norman reports that "I cheerfully passed into print some of his wildest shafts."

WERNER RENBERG, Dallas *Morning News* reporter who introduces us to Texas' favorite editorial cartoon character in "Old Man Texas Stands up to Uncle Sam" (page 16), is only 22. But he has been a newspaperman for nearly six years. At 16, he spent his first summer in the Dallas Bureau of the *United Press* where he filed a pony wire, rewrote such copy as came his way (and probably went out after coffee for the older hands).

During his senior year in high school, he doubled as a reporter for Station KTUL in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He returned to Dallas where he again doubled as *UP* man and Southern Methodist student. He was everything from sports writer to overnight editor before leaving the *UP* to join the *Morning News* in 1948. He is now a financial reporter but confesses his hobby is watching the Southwestern Conference brand of football.

THE QUILL for April, 1951



Advertisement

From where I sit by Joe Marsh

Sometimes Good Intentions Aren't Enough

That fire at the Griffin place didn't do much damage last week, but Volunteer Chief Murphy was pretty angry about it. Spoke to some of us over dinner and a bottle of beer.

"Griffin's farm is a good mile from town," he said. "And by the time we'd dodged all the people on the highway who were going to watch, we hadn't a minute to waste.

"Then blamed if those sightseers hadn't parked cars right in Griffin's driveway and there was a mob of people around—just gawking. Joe, tell folks a fire's no sideshow. Ask 'em to think of the other fellow!"

From where I sit, some of us need to be reminded occasionally that even though our intentions are good, we may be unfairly interfering. Whether it's blocking the right-of-way of fire equipment or criticizing a person's right to enjoy a temperate glass of beer now and then—the American Way is to give way, and give the other fellow his fair "share of the road!"

Joe Marsh

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THIS IS THE FIRST in the 1951 series of Standard Oil interpretive advertisements. This ad explains the company and its relation to the industry in which we operate, as well as the relationship of the company and the industry to the entire nation.

Of course these are silly questions.

One of the best things about the United States is that it is big—big enough to supply the needs of 151,000,000 Americans, and of many other millions the world over who are semi-dependent on American production.

And yet some men in this big country are critical of bigness.

"Big Business" is their special target. They have urged that some of America's leading business organizations be split up, on the grounds that these companies are "too big" to serve the public interest.

They forget that it was the public's freedom of choice that made these businesses big. They forget that the ability of business to handle big jobs is what helps America in war and serves America in peace.

Companies stay big because millions of customers keep them big. The same people who helped make any business big can make it small again, if they find more satisfaction in buying the products and services of its competitors.

In this country, a company's bigness is one of the best proofs of its usefulness.



The United States is not the biggest country in the world, but it is one of the biggest. It has the highest standard of living for the greatest number, because Americans have always been free to produce for themselves and for each other. God gave us a rich land; competitive effort has made it richer. The United States has grown because its people have always believed in bigness, not as an end in itself but as a natural result and reward of worthy effort.



The petroleum industry is not the biggest industry in America, but it is one of the biggest. It contains many thousands of separate companies, large and small, competing with each other to serve you by steadily making petroleum more useful. The petroleum industry has grown big because it helps satisfy Americans' desire to live better. Military leaders say that the American petroleum industry's size and vigor have twice proved indispensable in war.



Our company is not the biggest company in the petroleum industry, but it is one of the biggest. From small beginnings, we and our subsidiary companies have grown into an integrated organization of more than 46,000 employees, working together to serve you. We have over 86,000 owners. We have millions of customers, all of them free to buy from our competitors. It is they who make us big—and we can stay big only as long as we serve them well.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (INDIANA)

THE QUILL for April, 1951

THE QUILL

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Shrinking Perimeter of Freedom

THE notion of a free press, established long ago in this country by the Bill of Rights, has for generations been taken for granted in many lands. In recent years and months this noble concept has received blow after blow, real and attempted. Liberty has been forced to retreat before totalitarianism abroad. Here it has been threatened by demagogery and plain political stupidity.

As this is written, the shrinking perimeter of freedom of opinion is most dramatically seen in Argentina. There Juan Peron has for all practical purposes struck the final and fatal blows at *La Prensa*. It was first denied publication by boycott of the "proletarian" unions who have made Peron their darling. Then the government moved to seize it. Its distinguished editor was ordered arrested and was declared "a fugitive from justice."

La Prensa, as every newspaperman knows, is not only the leading Spanish language newspaper in this hemisphere. It is one of the world's great newspapers by any standard of measurement. Highest among such standards is a newspaper's service as a critic of government and a defender of minority opinion. *La Prensa's* loyalty to this important measuring stick is precisely why it got in deep trouble. It stood up to tyranny.

In the March 12 issue of *Time* (two *Time-Life* reporters were pushed around by Argentine police covering the *La Prensa* story) Publisher James A. Linen asked: "What should U. S. journalism do about Peron?" There is at least one thing we can do about Peron and that is tell the story of *La Prensa* for all to read. We should continue to tell it, in news and editorials, whether the North American reader prefers something closer home or not. We can ask that our government make very plain to Peron what we think of dictators who hound great newspapers to extinction.

The American reader may shrug off *La Prensa's* fate. Argentina is far away and no visible threat to a nation which has big and urgent problems of security against world communism. What if Peron is suppressing freedom of the press? Mussolini and Hitler did it. Stalin and all the little Stalins are still doing it. Some nations, including members of the United Nations, never had freedom of the press at all. This view is sophistry. Freedom is whole and we either speak for it everywhere or fight a cold war in vain.

It can be argued that what has happened to *La Prensa* cannot happen here. I'll concede that it is next to inconceivable that it will happen here, under any govern-

ment loyal to the present Constitution. But what might not be taken away by official violence might be lost bit by bit. And legally. Recent samples of proposed state legislation indicate this all too plainly.

The most dangerous example occurred in Georgia, a state which paradoxically has its share of good newspapers and more than its share of our more demagogic politicians. Georgia legislators, rallying to Governor Herman Talmadge's dislike of "them lying newspapers," wrote three bills designed to curb the press. One, plainly in violation of the federal Constitution, would have subjected the press to "state regulation." The others imposed a tricky libel definition and forbade newspaper "monopolies." A target of the latter would be Atlanta newspapers which have been foes of the Talmadge clan.

The roar of protest, even from pro-Talmadge newspapers, abashed the legislature sufficiently to block the measures for the moment. A subservient senate actually passed the anti-monopoly and libel bills. The house defeated the regulation measure. But the threat is still in the air. One of Talmadge's lieutenants was quoted as saying: "I wouldn't pass those bills. I'd hold 'em over the heads of newspapers."

OHIO recently produced some pretty silly anti-newspaper bills. One legislator, apparently smarting after the 1950 campaign, this winter proposed to require newspapers to sign all articles on political candidates, including editorials, with the writer's name. This not only would deny newspapers opinion as institutions but showed a naive ignorance of how and why editorials, especially, are arrived at and written.

Such moves, however dim their chance with the Supreme Court, deserved the tongue-lashing they got. I could only wish that along with the tongue-lashing more of the press had been smart enough to ridicule such political clowns. The Americans and the British, significantly the two leading proponents of freedom of speech, have more than once laughed silly politicians and their ideas out of existence. Commenting on the Ohio bill to require signed editorials, the *Chicago Daily News* suggested that newspapers borrow from the Hollywood super-feature and involve an editorial credit line in this order:

"Idea by Smith; doctrine evolved in consultation with Jones, Roe, Doe and Poe; first draft by Smith; interlineations by Jones; revisions by Poe; corrections by Moe; typographical errors by Joe; presswork by Hoe; Smith's suit by Hart, Schaffner & Marx."

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world is the journalist's beat



but **World**
is his newspaper



News of the World might be office gossip. News of the world is the World's dish. And just which you mean, depends on where you put the capital "W's" and the lower-case "w's."

It's the same with Coke. When used as the friendly abbreviation for Coca-Cola, Coke—like any proper noun, such as the name of your newspaper—requires a capital initial. With a small "c," the word refers to something entirely different.

We keep reminding you about this for reasons of clarity and correct usage. There's another reason, too. Coke—with a capital "C"—is our registered trade-mark; and

good practice prompts the owner of a trade-mark to protect it diligently.

*Ask for it either way
... both trade-marks
mean the same thing.*



THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

THE QUILL for April 1951

T-V's Challenge To Sports Writer: Story Behind Victory

By LEO FISCHER

A new crop of fans see a game on the screen and then want to read what the experts say about it.

THE revolution has come in sports writing—thanks to a mess of wires, tubes and various gimmicks grouped together under the heading of television.

What TV is doing to gate-receipts is another story. That phase of it still is a matter of debate—although it's generally accepted now that sports promoters have created a Frankenstein by their eagerness to get their events televised during the early days of TV.

How the battle of box-office vs. television is going to come out is still a guess. Promoters must have gate-receipts in order to promote, and if they don't promote then there's nothing to televise. It's a vicious circle that has some of the better minds in sports going around in circles—and no one has quite figured out an answer.

But back to sports-writing. Perhaps nowhere in a newspaper has there been such an impact from television as in the sports department, particularly in metropolitan areas where TV saturation is only a matter of time.

First effect has been to change the entire approach to sports coverage. The old yard-stick of "Who won and how?" hasn't been discarded, of course. That still is elemental, particularly for morning newspapers.

Now, however, there has been an amendment. It has become "Who won, how—and what's the story behind it?" The direct news angle is gradually giving way to the feature approach.

CONSIDER this: TV as a medium of rapid and complete spot coverage in sports is unbeatable. It's instantaneous—and no matter how fast you may go to press, there's a time lag of hours.

On the other hand, TV is fleeting. The picture, through its very nature, comes and goes in the matter of seconds. The play takes place, and then vanishes into ions or whatever they are.

Properly handled, these two factors

give the newspapers a tremendous edge over TV in sports coverage.

Even before television, the average sports fan liked to read about what he had seen. We sold and still sell thousands of newspapers at ball parks to customers on their way out. One would think they have had their fill of the game they had just witnessed, but sport followers aren't built that way. They're eager to see what the "experts" say about it—to see whether the professional writer's view agrees with theirs. The same holds true with what they witness on television.

That's one phase where we have it on them.

SECONDLY, if there is a disputed play or a controversy of any kind, the TV viewer turns to the newspaper for more "dope." The telecaster doesn't have the time to keep recounting what has happened. He must keep up with what is happening.

For instance, last summer there was an argument at a Cub game as to whether Andy Pafko caught a fly-ball or trapped it. The difference meant winning or losing a game. Our switchboard was swamped by fans calling for information. They had seen it on TV and wanted to know more about it.

Naturally, the next day we subordinated the actual story of the game to the big play. Interviews, not only with players but with fans, pictures, etc., helped capitalize on the interest built up through TV.

Back in pre-TV days we used to dismiss boxing bouts between a couple of "bums" with a few lines. Then they began putting them on television. The day of a televised fight would find our phones constantly jingling with calls from readers who wanted more details on the boys they were going to see.

The result: On all televised fights, regardless of the class of the contestants, we run a good story previous to the bout and a good one the next day. In addition we insert a box in the story the day of the fight telling at what



LEO FISCHER, Chicago Herald-American sports editor, says the newspaper sports page still has the edge but must learn a new approach with T-V.

time and on what station it may be viewed. Readers appreciate it, judging from their comments.

GENERALLY speaking, the "new deal" in sports coverage is emphasis on features. Millions of new sport fans are being created by TV, and to them the various characters who make sports news are almost complete strangers.

One good example of this was the recent fight between Ray Robinson and Jake LaMotta. On the day the scrap was arranged it ceased being news that they would fight fifteen rounds for the middleweight championship at the Chicago Stadium on Feb. 14.

What the readers wanted to know, we felt, was how they achieved championship status, their backgrounds, their family life, their history as human beings and not fighters.

A six-installment series on their careers was the result, and we have seldom published anything which created so much favorable comment.

The day when a sports page consisted of rewrites of box-scores and statistical tables is gone. News still can't be neglected, but coverage must be "humanized" in order to appeal to the vast army of new sports fans being made through the medium of TV.

Television may hurt sport gates, but it's a golden opportunity for the sports page. Potential readers are multiplying every day—and they'll buy the paper that complements what they see on their TV screen with vital, interesting, readable material about the games and individuals this modern miracle brings into their homes.

Hong Kong—Iron Curtain Peephole

By FRED HAMPSON

A newspaperman must learn to sift grains of fact from the chaff of rumor but the most news of Red China trickles into this uneasy British colony.

HOAGY CARMICHAEL'S unfortunate character who was 'rested down in old Hong Kong endured only the simpler annoyances that this British crown colony can generate. Foreign correspondents who work in and from here get the full treatment. It's a tricky beat because only a small amount of the news that you want—the news of communist Asia—can be obtained first hand.

Hong Kong is a clearing house. In trade. In finance. In politics and intrigue. And now in news. It is a peephole through the Iron Curtain. There is no other place quite like it on the communist periphery. Forty miles away is a solid and unyielding news control system. But on this island and in Kowloon across the bay the press is as free as British democracy can make it. You can write as you please. But you seldom can check facts, and never at the source.

So the problem becomes one of deciding what to believe. You find yourself swinging from extreme caution and skepticism one week almost to gullibility the next. Why? Because some story from a shady-looking source which you discarded last week as propaganda bunk is this week confirmed by the communist radio itself.

SO you take a chance next time with all the proper qualifications and with your fingers crossed clear up to the elbow. Time passes and the mysterious winnowing of fact from phooey goes on. And you discover yourself 'way out on a very bad limb and can only hope the editors will forget it.

But with all the pitfalls, there probably is more solid news about communist China filed from Hong Kong than any other point files about any other major communist nation. When it comes to news coverage there is one big difference between the two major communist nations. Russia is landlocked, China isn't. A border can be blocked easier than a coastline. Shipping, legal or illegal, flows in and out of China. News flows with commerce and Hong Kong is the way point.

Hong Kong also has a free border, or did have until February 15 when the Reds themselves began to impose restrictions. It probably is still the

freest border to a communist country anywhere, except for foreigners. As far as the British are concerned, Chinese can come and go as they please. They bring a big budget of news with them, some of which is accurate.

This would seem to make the news of communist China fairly accessible but the difficulty lies in the fact that the people who come and go are (1) not reporters, (2) usually very poor observers, and (3) usually have some personal interest or commercial stake which colors their version of what goes on in Red China. You can get almost any story you want from them, ranging from complete failure of the Peiping regime to its complete success.

As a result of this second-hand coverage which leaves so much to the judgment of the correspondent, Hong Kong has gained a reputation as the greatest of the Asiatic rumor factories. Maybe it is. But the average newsman who has been working here for long has developed a skill in evaluating. Most of them have been in China themselves and they know wherein Chinese are apt to exaggerate, understate.

I see evidences all the time that we have become more skeptical than our brethren working elsewhere in Asia. No Hong Kong correspondent believed for a minute those early Tokyo reports, which may have come from SCAP, of the million-plus Chinese communist soldiers in Korea. Nor did we believe that the whole Third and Fourth Field Armies were up there. The Hong Kong press corps wouldn't bet an inflated dime that much over half these armies were in the north but was quick to point out that half should be plenty. Since we know that units of the Third Army are still on the Hong Kong border we know we're not wholly wrong.

ONLY a small part of the old press corps which covered China before communism has stayed on for the remote-control job in Hong Kong. The job isn't as interesting as it used to be. You can no longer, when you weary of the cities, fly, ride or walk over the immensity of China, visit her many peoples, cope with her various dialects, eat her multifarious foods and be both charmed and appalled by her antiquity, her poverty, her walls and temples,

her muddy rivers and great mountains.

Instead you now stay pretty close to a desk, try to keep abreast of reams of propaganda most of which is senseless vituperation but none of which can be ignored lest you miss in some secreted paragraph the one firm fact of the day. Not only must you wade through this outpouring from the Red mill, you also have to look over an almost equal amount from Chinese nationalists, third party elements and a vague and vapory collection of political groups ranging from left wing non-communists to right wing non-nationalists. Your roaming is confined to the thirty-odd coastline miles of this island and the thirty-mile-deep mainland area of Kowloon and the New Territories.

YOU also have to watch the local press closely, both foreign and Chinese, Red and anti-Red. Every paper has its private sources inside communist China, every paper has staffers who are expert on and good judges of dozens of phases of life in China, people who have lived in every part of China who still get letters from friends.

Then there are translation services—translations of mainland Red papers, Red magazines. Translations of speeches, official reports, communist laws and edicts. After you cope with this mimeograph poundage for a while you develop a propaganda eye, a faculty for seeing a fact through a foam of fiction.

After you finish the propaganda stint, the job is more pleasant. Everybody seeks original sources and everybody has them. Some are pretty straightforward and honest but most of them have some special interest. The missionaries, for example. Every newsman here keeps in contact with missionary headquarters. After all there are still hundreds of missions in Red China which report with some regularity to headquarters here. The week never passes that four or five missionaries don't come out.

Both mission headquarters and individual missionaries who come out are reluctant to talk for the record. In the first place most missions haven't given up in China yet. They still hope to ride out the storm and they don't intend to jeopardize their chances with news the Reds won't like. Since it is



THE GATE ACROSS the tracks marks the border between Hong Kong colony and Red China. Fleeing Chinese bring even a pig in a poke, symbolic of much of the report and rumor newspapermen must judge at this Iron Curtain peephole.

almost impossible to tell what the Reds will or won't like, the safest thing is to say nothing at all.

But in spite of this understandable reluctance, the missions are valuable sources, not for specific, attributable news but for background information against which to check propaganda and private reports from other sources.

For a long time commercial houses here got a lot of information, mainly from the old treaty port cities like Shanghai, Tientsin, Tsingtao and Amoy. But they're drying up. Most American companies have closed or are being taken over. Most of the business houses of other nationalities have folded up too. The big British outfits are still holding on but they have a two-way reluctance to talk. First they don't want to call the non-communist world's attention to the fact that they're trying to do business with communism, and second they're afraid of communist reaction to any story attributed to them. Even so, individuals will talk once they are assured of anonymity.

So it is, too, with shiplines and banks, teachers and doctors, diplomats and travelers. They all have some information, most of them can be cultivated, but they're all vulnerable to retaliation and must be protected. The Iron Curtain does leak and after you've been here awhile you can find the leaks and learn to use them without plugging them up.

The biggest headache for press association and other correspondents covering on a spot news basis is the job of monitoring the communist radio—the official voice of Red China. Once you get the wave lengths and broadcasting times this ought to be simple but it isn't. For several reasons. The British here forbid independent monitoring of the Red radio but they don't try very hard to enforce the order and several outfits listen in. None gets all of it. That would take an expensive battery of radio operators, translators and decoders. They try to anticipate on which of the various Red 'casts the important announcements will come.

THE Peiping radio may put an important story out in any one of several ways—by Chinese language voice-cast at either conversational or dictation speed, by Chinese numbers code which requires an operator, a decoder and a translator, by Morse code in English and rarely in English voice. Chou Enlai's first reply to the United Nations aggressor motion came in numbers code shortly after one midnight but was repeated a few hours later in Morse. Those who were monitoring the numbers code 'cast got a beat.

There is no rule of thumb for guessing how or when they will issue big news, even if you know when something is coming up. If you think they'll put a story out first for consumption inside China, you watch the Chinese

voice or numbers code 'casts closest. If it's the sort of story that probably will be put out for foreign consumption first, watch the Morsecasts.

Hong Kong isn't the only point for clearing communist news from the Red radio. The *Associated Press*, for example, listens or has contacts with people who listen to Peiping here, in Tokyo, San Francisco, New Delhi, London and sometimes in other cities. Many times have I climbed out of bed at 3 a. m. to write bulletin takes on some major Peiping statement, only to discover the next morning that London or Tokyo picked it up a couple hours earlier on a 'cast that was missed here. But you never can tell.

The Red news service, *New China News Agency*, has a bureau here but it steadfastly refuses to distribute news at night and will not permit a representative of any other news service in its office at night. If you depended on NCNA you'd trail everybody. They won't even keep editors on at night. Only radiomen, and they won't talk.

Chinese news services always have been slow compared to American and British agencies. The communist agency is no exception. Even *Tass*, which is no ball of fire, is faster. *Tass* has correspondents in Shanghai and Peiping and they frequently get official announcements to Moscow before the Sino-Red news agency distributes them or the Peiping radio carries them (Turn to Page 21)

The voice of the people is older than the art of printing.

But today it is most frequently heard in the thousands of

Letters to the Editor

By CARL R. KESLER

ACROSS the country, in nearly every major newspaper editorial page, appears a daily column or more of letters to the editor. Often this column is called just that: "Letters to the Editor." Frequently it is "Letters to the Times" or the Herald or the Journal. It may be captioned "The Voice of the People" and whatever its position and length, that is precisely what it is: *Vox populi*.

Let's examine this journalistic phenomenon more closely. In the last year I have received, at a rough estimate, more than 6,000 letters from readers of my newspaper. (Fellow workers have handled additional thousands.) I have selected and edited and printed perhaps 1,200 of these thousands. Each day I follow the letter columns in the other newspapers in my town of Chicago. In recent weeks, I have studied editorial pages from Boston to Los Angeles. Some obvious questions arise.

Why do people write letters to their newspapers? Just who writes them? Is a "Vox Pop" really a free forum, within the limits of good taste, or can it be subtly used to support the editorial opinion of a particular newspaper? Is the typical letter writer a sincerely indignant or puzzled person? Or is he frequently a frustrated author, prone to write whatever he thinks will put his name in print?

All but the first two questions—why and who—can be answered in one word. It is yes, to each set of alternatives. Readers' reasons for writing the editor may range from profound conviction to plain intent to defraud. The writers represent every class, group and sect. They scribble their opinions on penny postcards and they dictate them to secretaries on heavy bond with engraved letterheads. And they never stop writing, winter or summer, every day of the week, each delivery of mail.

THESE thousands of letters have been an experience, even for one who had done most newspaper jobs. The experience has been instructive, inspiring, amusing, exasperating. It is saved from becoming a grinding chore by the vision that keeps a prospector plodding beside his burro. Surely, around the next foothill, in the next creek, there will be a nugget. It may

arrive in green ink on purple notepaper.

Of course newspapers do not accept letters from their readers to entertain their editors. They publish them—or they should publish them—to let the people have their say, whether it is about foreign policy, the performance of the municipally-owned traction system or the relative merits of maple sugar and sorghum molasses as lubricants for pancakes.

The letters afford newspapers and their other readers important clues to public opinion, especially if they are read carefully and selected impartially. They are not infallible. Like editorial writers, readers change their minds from week to week. Like some publishers, they tend to see issues in terms of their own interest. Like too many reporters, they do not always express themselves clearly. What is perhaps more important, a major section of the newspaper-reading public never writes letters to the editor at all.

As a gauge of opinion, the letter column is most valuable when a broad issue arises that stimulates the infrequent letter writer and even the non-letter writer to take pen in hand. Foreign policy in recent months has been an outstanding example. But even here it is not wise for an editor to be cocksure about what goes on in John Q. Public's mind.

A RECENT aspect of American foreign policy has been what the press has dubbed "The Great Debate." It is a dispute between what used to be labeled, before the B-36 and the atomic bomb, isolationism and interventionism. It started last December 20 when Herbert Hoover, our only living ex-president, first went on the air to discuss foreign policy in the Cold War. He espoused a military program that would strengthen our home and island defenses but would limit aid to other nations to those who first showed vigorous signs of aiding themselves.

Mr. Hoover advocated a course considerably short of that planned by the administration and the Pentagon and until then accepted by the unhappy citizen-soldier-taxpayer as inevitable. Letters about foreign policy had been arriving in every mail since we took

our first licking in Korea, so I expected an immediate avalanche of opinion. A respectable number of readers wrote in to praise or to differ with Mr. Hoover, but it was no avalanche.

Nearly a week after Mr. Hoover spoke, the *Associated Press* called to say it was making a nationwide survey of reaction to his speech. The next day the local *Time-Life* bureau called. Each wanted percentages and quotations. I counted the letters we had already printed and those in type and retrieved the rest from the week's discard. I estimated our letters had run around 60 per cent in favor of Mr. Hoover's views and 40 per cent against them.

WHILE this was happening, another Chicago newspaper announced on its front page that it was receiving an avalanche of letters, overwhelmingly supporting Mr. Hoover's proposal to make America a "Gibraltar of democracy." I do not doubt it. But I do know that as soon as the other paper featured this story, a week after the actual broadcast, letters started pouring on to my desk. And where they had been 60-40, they were now heavily pro-Hoover!

What really stimulated our belated letter writers, Mr. Hoover himself or announcement that a lot of people were with him? And did the anti-Hoover people run under the bed, taking their fountain pens with them, as a large section of the press and a number of congressmen joined the Great Debate with announcement that Mr. Hoover had scored a grand slam of approval?

It is pertinent to explain that Mr. Hoover's views fitted closely with those of the newspaper which made letters about him a page one feature. My paper said nice things about Mr. Hoover, but it stuck to its previous view that the best place to oppose Communism is on the Elbe, if possible, and not off Sandy Hook. Did the pro-Hooverites first write the other paper because they felt surer of being printed there? (If they did, they were mistaken.)

In the last seven months, it has been almost possible to plot a graph of reader reaction to the fortunes of war in Korea. Comparatively few dissented



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—"Vox Populi" is called by many names as shown by these column captions selected at random from newspapers across the nation. All give this editorial page feature major play.

from the initial "police action." When Americans were first forced to retreat, there was mixed emotion. It ranged from "What are we doing in Korea, of all places?" to "They can't do this to the team that just licked the world."

When the Inchon invasion appeared to have won the war almost over night, letter writers were quick to flex their chest muscles with such themes as "This will learn 'em." Chinese intervention and the bitter retreat south of the 38th parallel brought back a stronger chorus of "Let's get out of Korea, but fast." This continues.

LETTERS to the editor on the foreign situation are likely to be among the more passionate examples of the art. On domestic and local issues, the reader is inclined to be frankly partisan. Republicans don't like President Truman, landlords don't like rent control, tenants don't like landlords, nobody likes taxes except public officials and employees. And when you start getting letters about other letter writers, look out. Name-calling is a job for a professional.

Ever so often something brings an immediate and practically unanimous reader reaction. The best recent example was the television industry's luckless page advertisement which put

both set makers and a prominent child guidance expert on a very warm spot. Everybody remembers the copy in newspapers across the country. It portrayed the child who was no longer one of the gang because his backward parents did not provide him and his pals with Hopalong Cassidy.

Keeping up with the Joneses is nothing new in American advertising. The snob approach has played a major role in stimulating the mass production that has kept us prospering. And as one realist remarked in our newsroom, some people do have B.O. But this use of the child, in a sales approach for a medium that could monopolize his time to the detriment of essential educational and physical activities, was something else. The voice of the people said so.

The advertisement had hardly been run when the letters started coming in. Each mail brought more. Ordinary people and top educators, "mothers of three" and leading professional men wrote to condemn the advertisement in terms that left no doubt. Almost nobody, except in jest, defended it.

My paper did not hesitate. We printed the letters, quite a few of them. And a vital point in our decision was this: We happened to have been one of the newspapers in our area which

ran the offending advertisement. Many of the letters took a dim view of us as well as of the television industry.

Right here, I believe, is the real test of the usefulness of such a forum in a newspaper. If you do not print an honest percentage of the letters that disagree with your politics, your news judgment, your editorial counsel, then your letter column is not the voice of the people but so much propaganda, the more reprehensible because it parades as public opinion.

MY survey will not justify any firm generalizations, but my impression is that a few newspapers, at least, avoid the letters of their harsher critics. Perhaps such newspapers do not have harsh critics because they themselves are not sufficiently outspoken to stir up opposition willing to spend a three cent stamp. But the average newspaper, I believe, tries to be fair.

My own newspaper is almost quicker to print a dissenting letter than a blandly congratulatory one. And this starts at the top, with an editor-publisher who seems to love his critics like so many brothers. This does not mean that we do not defend ourselves. But we largely confine editorial footnotes to letters whose writers have

(Turn to page 18)

Two former Miami newspapermen who built up a struggling little Florida daily on a sho

possible to turn a Reporter Into Publisher

THE Governor of Florida was uncomfortable. Public wrath was rising over widespread illegal gambling. Newspapers, the Crime Commission of Greater Miami and the Kefauver Senate Committee on Interstate Crime were exposing obvious tieups between gamblers and certain law enforcement officials.

The people were beginning to put the microscope to a liberal policy that was attracting hoodlums and racketeers to the Sunshine State, many of whom were trying to buy respectability through legitimate business enterprises. Others were just plain muscling in on local gambling bonanzas.

The Governor offered a "reward." He would pay \$500, \$300 and \$200 to the first three citizens who swore out warrants leading to the conviction of gamblers.

The red herring was buried aborning under the statewide belly-laugh induced by the editorial reaction of the Lake Wales *Daily Highlander*. Flame-haired Editor Robert Lodmell turned from reading the Governor's offer on the *Associated Press* printer to his typewriter and beat out a counter-offer:

"Governor Warren, better than any other person in Florida, can stop illegal gambling and other rackets simply by removing law enforcement officers who do not enforce the law . . . The *Daily Highlander* . . . will donate \$5, \$3 and \$2 to some worthy cause for the first, second and third law enforcement officers Governor Warren removes from office for failing to enforce the law."

The Governor did suspend one sheriff a few weeks later. The *Highlander* mailed the governor its check and suggested that he turn it over to his favorite charity. It was returned. Still later, after the Governor suspended two more sheriffs, Editor Lodmell and his partner, Gene Speight, donated the money to a Lake Wales hospital's deficit fund "In Memory of Governor Fuller Warren."

DURING the Great Debate on U. S. foreign policy, the *Highlander* has sponsored telegrams to President Truman and Senator Taft of Ohio urging them to forget party lines and cooperate during the world crisis. About one-half the number of Lake Wales citizens who voted in the last city election—485—paid ten cents each for the

privilege of signing the telegrams. The \$14.92 left over after wire charges were paid went to the March of Dimes.

These are examples of the alertness and punch two former Miami reporters are using to build up a floundering small town newspaper which they acquired less than four years ago. They are answering most effectively the wailing of those who moan that opportunities no longer exist for those not possessed of large amounts of cash.

With only \$750 working capital and one hockable asset after making their down payment, Bob and Gene took over the *Highlander* September 1, 1947. It was a six-day daily running four pages tabloid size. There was also a weekly, but this had such a small circulation that it was discontinued. The paper was an old one, having been founded before Lake Wales was incorporated, but the war years and illness of the former publisher had made it difficult for the paper to progress.

It was quartered in a 15 by 60 foot wooden shack, once a residence. Equipment included a rattletrap Model 14 Linotype and an ancient Hoe flatbed press. A few cases of type, paper cutter, job press, casting box and miscellaneous equipment rounded out the quick assets.

THE first three months ate up their little dab of working capital and the one hockable asset, Gene's automobile, was plastered with a \$1,000 loan mortgage. But the tide turned and circulation and advertising growth has been steady ever since.

Their first investment in new equipment was \$50 for an old folder they found in the neighboring town of Frostproof. Speight, the mechanically inclined member of the team, tinkered and coaxed the archaic contraption into working—and the *Highlander* went mechanized all the way.

Because they'll never forget the weary hours they spent folding papers, Bob and Gene still hold that the old folder was the best investment they have made, notwithstanding a new press and a new building which they now own.

In place of their discontinued weekly they started a free circulation sheet called the *Ridge Bulletin*. It was mailed to boxholders along Florida's citrus belt, the "ridge" section from Haines City through Sebring. After establishing the *Daily Highlander* on a

firm five-day footing, they discontinued the *Bulletin* and went back to a paid circulation *Weekly Highlander*. The people liked it, bought it and now Lodmell and Speight offer advertisers an attractive combination rate which is pulling in considerable national advertising as well as local.

AFTER a "breather" from the folder investment the partners opened negotiations for a building that would give them working space.

Strangely enough, as Speight puts it, they made enough over salaries the first year to buy an \$800 lot only three blocks from the business district. And they found a contractor who would erect a building with 2,100 square feet of floor space, no frills, for \$7,000. Trouble was, they didn't have the \$7,000 or any part of it.

With the help of a young lawyer friend, C. B. Myers, they worked out a very fancy finance plan. But let Speight describe it in his own words:

"The building and loan association would lend us \$3,100 at five per cent. We were willing to pay seven per cent to get the building. So we reasoned that by getting a third party to put up the remaining \$3,900 he could earn about nine per cent on his investment.

"A Lake Wales druggist, R. W. Murray, was captivated by the idea. We deeded him the lot, got the building association loan through him and signed a contract to buy the property back from him at \$100 a month, including interest. He had already gotten two \$100 payments from us before he had to put up a dime for the contractor. And ever since, he has delighted in telling the story of his good business deal and is one of our firmest friends and best advertisers. Later on he paid off the building association loan and now holds the mortgage at seven per cent."

IN the fall of 1949, when they bought the Duplex press, they needed more room. "Doc" Murray unhesitatingly put up another \$1,000 to finance that.

They had to do some more "fancy financing" to swing the press deal. Again they had no extra cash. But by this time the local bank was sufficiently impressed by the *Highlander's* progress to make a loan. Bob and Gene called on their brothers, in Montana and Maryland respectively, for some

...estring prove it is still

By JOHN T. BILLS

more and got enough to make the down payment.

Speight and a borrowed pressman, Jack Cahill of the nearby Winter Haven Chief, dismantled the press in Moultrie, Georgia, hauled it to Lake Wales on a rented truck and re-erected it at night and on week ends. The first *Highlander* on a standard size, 8-column page rolled off the Duplex March 7, 1950.

Right now, they're working on another "fancy finance plan" to buy a new Comet Linotype. And nobody in the know in Florida publishing circles would wager that they won't work it out.

All of this hasn't been done in a clear field. They have strong competition from one of Florida's best weeklies, also published in Lake Wales, and several of the state's large dailies circulate in their territory.

"We compete strongly with the local weekly," Lodmell said, "but we manage to get along and are always on speaking terms.

"And, although our gross has skyrocketed, it hasn't been at our competitor's expense. Apparently advertising encourages advertising. He's doing better, too. During a week, for example, we may publish three or four 4-page papers and one or two 6-pagers, and he may get out 10 to 16 pages weekly on 7-column pages. Other Florida towns about the same size as Lake Wales, with one weekly, seem to have trouble sometimes filling one 8-page weekly."

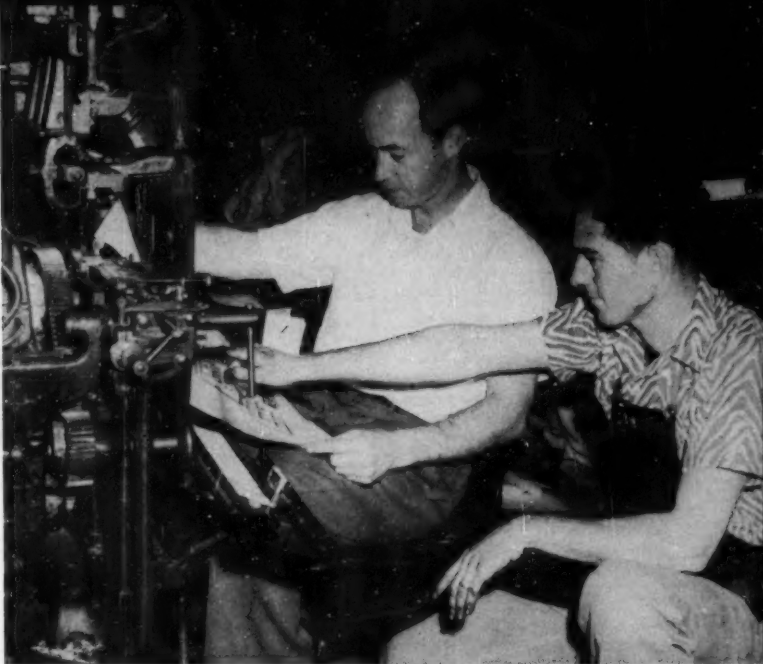
BOTH partners sell advertising, gather and write news and write editorial page columns. Mrs. Lodmell was their first woman's editor, but quit as soon as they were able to hire someone else.

"We don't agree on everything," says Bob in explaining editorial policy. "But we believe that isn't necessary as long as co-publishers are in agreement on the basic policy of publishing a newspaper. Our basic policy is simply to report the news as fairly as humanly possible and maintain a hard-hitting, aggressive editorial policy.

"Gene in his column may be defending Dean Acheson on the same day I'm giving the Secretary of State hell. We give our local politicians 'suggestions' and pull no punches. When we first took over there was considerable sur-

[Turn to next page]

THE QUILL for April, 1951



GENE SPEIGHT (left) at the Linotype on the Lake Wales (Fla.) *Highlander* which he and co-publisher Robert Lodmell have parlayed into a new building and editorial excellence. At right is Bob Collier, printer who makes up the small daily.



THE OLD BUILDING above housed the *Highlander* when Lodmell and Speight bought it. Now they are publishing in the new functional plant pictured below.



Reporter Into Publisher

(Concluded from page 13)

prise and some resentment over some of the noise we made. But for the most part, our readers seem to realize now that we are honest and are trying to do what we believe to be right."

THEY never bother about who a person is, advertiser or otherwise, when he makes news, favorable or unfavorable. That's sometimes hard in a small town. But they say it's surprising how quickly the people of Lake Wales have become accustomed to it.

"Now," says Speight, "we would probably raise some eyebrows if we were to pull our punches."

One of the first fights they had was with the mayor and police chief who sought to prevent them from getting information from the police blotter. They won what they call "only a partial victory," but the people of Lake Wales knew the *Highlander* had acquired new vigor in its editorial muscles.

This fight helped win them the Florida Press Association's second-place award for community service in 1949, first place going to the Saint Petersburg Times. Another factor in winning this statewide recognition was a series of articles showing how the Chamber of Commerce helped the town and why it couldn't continue unless the people supported it. This series resulted in more businessmen than ever before joining the Chamber of Commerce and at a 50 per cent increase in dues.

They won the association's first-place award for community service in 1950 with their campaign for an expanded sewer system and disposal plant, a \$750,000 project. This called for increasing the Lake Wales utilities tax from six to ten per cent. But the voters approved at the polls and, barring war induced delays, Lake Wales will soon have a modern sanitary sewer system and disposal plant instead of septic tanks.

THEIR advertising policy is just as honest as their editorial policy. Editor Robert U. Brown of *Editor & Publisher* praised the *Highlander* in a recent column for refusing to accept a series of ads which Lodmell and Speight considered dishonest.

After printing the first ad, offering a rebuilt sewing machine for \$32.50, Lodmell sent his wife to Tampa to investigate. When she reported that the offer was just a come-on for a \$150 rebuilt machine, the remaining ads were cancelled and the *Highlander* published an apology for having run the first

one. Other papers in Florida continued to run the ads.

Lest the story of their success tempt others to barge into similar ventures prematurely, Bob and Gene have a word of caution. They had the good fortune to find an opportunity in a town just beginning to boom. Florida's whole citrus section is booming from the revitalizing effects of concentrated citrus juices. The state's tourist industry is also spreading to the Ridge Section.

Even so, it has been hard work; grueling work.

"When Gene and I started," Bob says, "we took healthy pay cuts from what we had been making in Miami for forty hours a week. And we worked close to ninety hours some weeks and rarely less than sixty during the first year."

"Now, we don't work much more than fifty, unless you count the shop we talk in the evenings. We've also been able to give ourselves a raise and vacations. Our take home pay may still be less than some topnotch reporters in Miami, but our newspaper is worth several times over what it was

when we acquired it and over a ten or fifteen year period we might even get rich."

Speight, 34, a native of Georgia, was graduated from Emory University. Before World War II he worked on weeklies in Georgia and Alabama. He served in Naval air combat intelligence in the war, joining the *Miami Daily News* staff shortly after being discharged.

A native of Montana, Lodmell, 35, was graduated from Montana State University. Before the war he worked for the *United Press* in Salem, Oregon, and for the *Seattle Times*. He served as an air combat intelligence officer in the Army, joining the *Miami Herald* staff after his discharge in 1945.

They had never met until their paths crossed as reporters for the Miami newspapers. They both say their friendship has acquired breadth and depth in their business partnership and their wives are the best of friends.

Bob Lodmell and Gene Speight are a couple of young men who, as Grove Patterson, one of journalism's elder statesmen, would say, are doing something about something. They're proving that opportunities in the newspaper publishing field still exist for men with courage to grab a tailhold and guts to hang on.

Editors' Notes and Precedes

When we speak of press "responsibility," we can no longer limit consideration of the problem to our local William Allen Whites, facing as they do spirited competition from the oracles of the air waves and the editorialists of the national magazines.

JOHN S. KNIGHT.

★

It is probably no accident that the papers I can think of which have no columnists outside their own staff writers are three of our strongest newspapers, the *New York Times*, *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Milwaukee Journal*. Their position is that of the good cook who disdains the can opener.

LOUIS M. LYONS.

The Perfect Caption

Title of a fishing column in the *Tampa Tribune* by Byron Hollingsworth:

HOOK, LYIN' AND SINKER

Like the medical practitioner of today, the journalist can no longer rely on his art alone. He will have to have more scientific knowledge along with his creative ability.

DR. RAYMOND B. NIXON,
Emory University.

★

The responsibility for keeping American citizens informed has a new and awful magnitude. It is a responsibility that is shared by both our universities and our press. It is a responsibility to help men be rational rather than visceral in their reactions.

DR. JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR.,
President, M.I.T.

★

All journalists are, by virtue of their handicraft, alarmists; that is their way of making themselves interesting.

LORD RIDDELL.

★

A newspaper that pleases everybody never fought for anything.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

THE QUILL for April, 1951

So You String For Your Competitor

A big town city editor answers "A Stringer's" fears
and offers him a code for correspondents.

By ROBERT F. PACKWOOD

IT is good to find "A Stringer" concerned with the ethics of serving two masters—the small city daily which pays his salary and the paper in the larger neighboring city for which he corresponds. A young man with a conscience can do the newspaper profession no harm.

But having spent twelve years on small dailies such as the one he describes ("I Work for My Competitor"—February 1951 *QUILL*) as well as the last five on those bigger papers in a nearby city, I think his worries over aiding his "competition" at the expense of his own paper are groundless.

The real truth is that no paper from another city, no matter what its size, is competition to the home town paper. That is, of course, if the home town paper is reasonably good and trying to do its job well. Regardless of how big those big city dailies are, none can hold a candle to a small town daily in providing the home town with the home town news.

"A Stringer" overlooks the fact that his paper is concerned with only one town, plus a few more even smaller ones in his territory. The big city paper is concerned not only with its own city, which is bound to be its major consideration, but with many smaller towns and cities in its territory.

It is physically impossible for the city paper to print as much about "A Stringer's" home town, plus all the other home towns of all its other stringers, as the home town paper can and does, day in and day out.

"A STRINGER" says his own paper carries 30 per cent wire news on Page 1, and 70 per cent local. What metropolitan paper matches that? And what metropolitan paper would begin to give 70 per cent of its front page to news from "A Stringer's" home town?

Let "A Stringer" total up the inches of news from his city which appears in the metropolitan "rival." Let him total the inches of news his own paper is carrying about the home town and its immediate territory. Let him do this over a period of a week or a month. I'll wager the home town paper is carrying ten to one hundred times

as much about the home town as the big city rival is.

And don't think the home town readers don't know this. Sure, they probably also buy the city paper. But they're not buying it to get their own home town news. They read it to get something the small city paper doesn't provide—and I say that without being critical of the small city press for I have been a part of it and I'm proud of its record.

The small city daily has neither the financial resources nor sufficient pages to print the same amount of overall news and features the big city daily does—the wire news, the special capital correspondence, the comics, the photos, the features. Those are the extras in the big city paper that make it attractive to many readers in the small city.

BUT the small city paper has its own salesworthy qualities in its unbeatable home town news coverage and its home town advertisements. The readers can't get those anywhere else in the quantity and detail they want except in the home town paper.

Both small city and big city daily

BOB PACKWOOD is city editor of the Beaumont (Texas) Enterprise and has been on the staffs of several small city papers.



have their own fields. They may overlap on occasion but not enough to make them intensely competitive.

The big city dailies aren't going to crowd the little dailies out of business—at least not on the basis of a few abbreviated stories they may carry from the smaller paper's territory—for the simple reason they can't serve the small city as well as the home town paper serves it.

By the same token, weeklies in the small city daily's territory exist and make good money, and always will.

ASIDE from this consideration, there is a formula under which "A Stringer" can operate:

1. He should inform his publisher, or at least his editor, that he has an opportunity to string for the big city paper. If the publisher or editor object, he should forget it. If they approve, and many will, he can go ahead with a clear conscience.

2. He should inform the big city paper's state editor he is employed by the small city daily and his first loyalty must be to it.

3. He should offer nothing to the big city paper he does not also offer at the same time to his own paper.

4. He should not use the time for which his employer pays him to send news to the big city paper unless his own publisher knows about it and does not object. (In this connection, a reporter on an afternoon paper will do better to string for a morning paper in the big city, and one on a morning paper should string for an afternoon paper.)

5. When there is a conflict of interest between papers, he should bear in mind who pays his salary. If that means breaking his connection with the city paper, then that's what he should do.

Working for a small city paper and stringing for one in the big city are not incompatible as long as the reporter is honest with his employer and the big city paper's state editor—and himself. Some small city publishers and editors approve of stringing on the grounds it keeps a tighter control over local news. Some, however, disapprove entirely. The reporter should be guided by their attitude as well as his own conscience.

But if he does string, he isn't aiding his competition because it really isn't competition at all.

It is dangerous for a newspaper to tell the truth, but much safer than the danger of spreading lies.

HEYWOOD BROWN.

Old Man Texas Stands up to Uncle Sam



FISHING IN THE GULF

Old Man Texas and Uncle Sam collide again in one of Dr. John Knott's cartoons, this time on tideland oil rights, source of state and federal conflict.

ACROSS our land Uncle Sam is the object of reverence and affection. In his red, white and blue outfit he stands as the symbol of the United States. Few would trifle with him; few would ridicule him. Except in Texas!

Any day you're likely to see Uncle Sam having the squabble of his life with another colorful gent. In ten-gallon hat, handle bar moustache, levis and cowboy boots—the tall, rugged character is Old Man Texas.

Old Man Texas depicts the typical Texan. He is born Southerner, bred

Westerner. He normally votes the Democratic ticket but despises crooked politicians of any party. He likes efficient government. He owns property and favors low taxes. And, in recent years, when Washington has not been exactly chummy with Texas, Old Man Texas has been in a fighting mood.

However, the creator of Old Man Texas is not a fighting man. He is as timid as a squirrel, as gentle as a kitten. He is Dr. John Francis Knott, editorial cartoonist of The Dallas Morning News—easily one of the best cartoonists in the nation.

But his creator is one of the shyest men in Dallas.

By **WERNER RENBERG**

Though the years have slightly stooped the back of tall John Knott and dulled his eyes a trifle, he still is a bottomless fountain of genius, of ideas expressing pictorially the American scene. His mind remains sharp and his hands have lost none of their skill. And as far as he and his employers are concerned, 72-year-old John Knott will be at his drawing board for many years more.

FAME has come his way often. Fortune may have, too, but one couldn't tell it by his modest demeanor. The people who award the Pulitzer Prizes cited him in 1936, the year Margaret Mitchell won the Pulitzer Prize for "Gone With the Wind." Ironically, Knott's prize winning cartoon dealt with dust storms.

He has won a National Headliners award and Baylor University, celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary in 1920, bestowed upon him an honorary doctor's degree, along with William Howard Taft.

A public official once said at a testimonial dinner for Knott: "John Knott doesn't realize the power his cartoons have in influencing legislation and molding public opinion."

Maybe he does realize this, maybe he does not. If he does, nobody knows it but John Knott. He is extremely shy.

When officials of the National Safety Council invited him to come to Chicago to receive a citation a few years back he would not go. They came to Dallas and arranged an appropriate ceremony in the News building. When the time came, everybody was there but Knott. The Council officials hung the citation on his door knob.

Another day, co-workers on the News wanted to give him a birthday party. At the appointed hour they picked up the presents and trooped up to Knott's office. It was empty. Somebody got the idea that Knott, fond of good beer in his younger days, would be in a nearby grill. A librarian telephoned.

"Mr. Knott," she said, "there's a man here to see you."

"What's he look like," Knott asked. "Oh, he's nice looking."

THE QUILL for April, 1951

"Tell him to come back next week and I won't be there either."

Disgusted, though they could never be angry with him, the co-workers left their presents in Knott's office.

NO—nobody could ever get sore at John Knott. He never gets sore at anybody, either. Even in his cartoons he treats his enemies with courtesy. He may make a little fun of them, but he will never make them angry—mad.

His agreeableness is evidenced by a ready "yes" or "shall do . . . shall do."

Therein lies a reason. Knott gets invited to many affairs. He always says he will be there. It is easier to say that he will, he figures, than to explain why he can't—or won't.

While Knott abounds in likable characteristics, he has his faults.

"The world's worst procrastinator," an associate calls him.

"He's plain lazy," says *News* Publisher E. M. (Ted) Dealey.

Whichever it is, Ted Dealey should know. Twenty-odd years ago, long before he became publisher, Dealey posed for Knott for a portrait. Dealey hasn't seen it yet.

His late father, the pioneer journalist George Bannerman Dealey, asked Knott for a life-size portrait of Old Man Texas a few years ago. Mr. Dealey wanted it for the new building into which the *News* moved in 1949.

That portrait hasn't seen the light of day either, although Ted Dealey is constantly assured that "John is working on it."

IT might seem odd for a cartoonist also to be a portrait painter. But not to those who know John Knott. A *News* editorial writer believes Knott could have made a fortune with his painting. Knott doesn't think he could. He admits that portrait painting "would be fun—no deadlines."

But he has stuck to cartooning. "It's a living," he explains. And for him it has been a career. He was 26 when he came to work for the *News* in 1905.

Born in Austria in 1878, Knott "brought my parents to America" when he was five. They settled in Sioux City, Iowa, where John went to school. Early in life he turned toward his hands for a livelihood.

While going to school, he got a job in an architect's office. Then he went to art school in Chicago, attending day classes until he ran out of money. When this happened, he got a job and went to night school. Within a year, he received a letter which was to shape his future.

A former engraver for a Sioux City newspaper was opening an engraving



Dr. John Knott, creator of Old Man Texas, at his drawing board in the editorial rooms of the Dallas Morning News. He is also a portrait painter.

shop in Dallas. He offered Knott employment, and John accepted.

Knott stayed with this company five years. Then he was asked to work in the *News*' engraving shop. A *News* engraver who loved trap drumming better than newspaper work had gone AWOL with a band, which created the opening for Knott.

At first, his work consisted of sketching harness, cotton farming machines, buggies and the like for mail order catalogues. He made layouts and fancy borders and maybe a sports cartoon now and then.

His employers thought little of his cartoons in those days. So did Knott. And he still yearned for the portrait easel.

So it was in 1910 he went to the Royal Academy of Art in Munich, Germany, to study. He stayed there two years—a contemporary art student, by the way, with Adolph Hitler who is said to have been attending an art school in Austria at the time.

UPON his return to the *News* in 1912, Knott's skill had improved so much that his cartoons hit the front page—and stayed.

The year of Woodrow Wilson's campaign gave Knott a chance to let loose on politics. And when World War I came Knott used his first hand knowledge of German militarists to portray the typical aristocratic Junker officer like nobody in the business.

Knott has been at it ever since. The only change has been a switch that put his work on the editorial page.

His bosses realize that he is a man of genius. They admit they could do no better—if as well—and grant him complete freedom. He gets his own ideas. Nobody vetoes them. During the Franklin D. Roosevelt days in Washington his cartoons occasionally ran counter to *News* editorial policy. But they ran just the same.

People have called John Knott a blunderer; some have called him a prophet. Both are right to some extent.

WHEN he drew three horses with a total of thirteen legs, letters poured in to the *News*. When he depicted a cowpony tied to a hitching post, cowhands thought him a boob. A good cowpony, they wrote, never has to be tied.

And when he showed a horse standing knee deep in water in Big Spring, citizens of that drought-weary Texas town gulped. Didn't that so-and-so cartoonist know Big Spring hadn't seen rain in weeks? But before the day was out, Big Spring streets were flooded. It rained for five hours.

Knott's technique has always been simplicity. In dealing with such complex matters as farm parity and tariffs, he will find some simple way to get over his point. With charcoal

(Turn to page 23)

Letters to the Editor

(Concluded from page 11)

confused our meaning or our facts.

We are also fond of bracketing letters to the editor which take opposing points of view. Every editorial page likes to start an argument in its letter column, although sometimes such debates get quickly out of hand. I have on occasion managed to devote a sizeable chunk of our letter space to as many as three or four readers riding off in as many directions on one issue.

Such issues as the television industry advertisement brought out an exceptional quality of letters as well as a large number. Many of them were reasoned and phrased in a style far above the average contribution. For in trying to answer one of my initial questions—who writes letters to the editor—candor compels me to admit that, on the average, we get relatively few of the finest gems of English.

The typical American newspaper column of letters to the editor differs from such famous columns as those of the *London Times* in pre-paper shortage days. Letters to the *Times* were often textbook examples of the essayist's art and bore signatures ordinarily obtainable only through literary agents. Even if we could get it, we should not want the voice of the people muted to those with the best minds and the subtlest pens.

We want a cross-section of readers in the typical American letter column. To make such a cross-section readable we struggle with some terrible examples of penmanship and grammar and spelling. Handwriting is exasperating to men who have spent their lives editing typescript but we know that the ball-point pen and the pencil stub can often camouflage something we are eager to print.

I said at the outset that a lot of people never write letters to the editor. At the same time quite a few people write entirely too many. They practically make an occupation of it. Some of them are too good to resist. Some are a plain nuisance. Others are cranks eager to explain anything from Korea to influenza in terms of the single tax, vivisection or a special diet.

EDITING letters to the editor has its special booby traps. You must look out for special pleaders such as the neighbors or relatives of candidates for office. Clagues are started on behalf of a mediocre play, an aspiring musician or sometimes just a breakfast food or a new gadget. And a letter column is not designed to serve as a free section of classified advertising.

There are times when you must protect the letter writer from himself. Many people write to "the editor" of a newspaper under the impression that their thoughts are for his eyes alone. You develop a sixth sense that makes you thumb the telephone directory and run down your correspondent. Often, when you ask him if he intended his letter for publication, his answer is a startled: "Good lord, no!"

An example, during the television ad barrage, was a very fine letter from a physician on a Chicago hospital staff, addressed simply "The Editor." It was indignant but well-reasoned, clearly and freshly phrased. I reached him by phone at the hospital. I could almost see him shrugging out of his gown, after a postoperative washup, to answer my call. As I had suspected, he was surprised at the idea of printing his letter. He hesitated for a moment with a physician's caution about expressing himself publicly.

"We can use only your initials," I explained. "Or even give it a pseudonym."

"No," he answered. "I didn't like that ad. Sign it." He hesitated another second and added: "And put M.D. after that signature."

MANY newspapers are willing to publish some letters, at least, with initials or such *noms de plume* as "Constant Reader" or "A Mother" (a popular number, this one, with an 18-year-old draft in the air) or "Disgusted." Some print only fully signed letters, occasionally with street addresses. Use of signed letters only does give a column veracity; it also inhibits a lot of tough letter writing.

There are also times when an editor must protect himself from the letter writer. There is the reader who follows up his communication with a phone call to find out what has happened to it and extends the query into half an hour's conversation. Occasionally such a salesman demands publication and hints darkly of what may happen to newspaper hirelings.

Another determined type of author prefaces his letter with: "Don't use this if you have to take anything out of it." One hoary gimmick is an introductory: "I dare you to print this!" I have such a letter in front of me as I write. I saved it from the wastebasket as evidence. Its author, who takes a dark and highly libelous view of Mrs. Anna Rosenberg's Americanism in connection with the draft,



LETTERS to the editor have their booby traps, says Carl R. Kesler.


doesn't know I quit taking dares more than 40 years ago.

That was after I let the boy on the neighboring farm dare me to jump off the barn into a hog wallow. I crouched on the edge of the roof for half an hour, miserably aware of the liquid mud far below. But honor was real, then, and finally I jumped. I know now that the filth of that hog wallow and the filth of that letter are far worse than taking a dare.

You don't edit a newspaper just to see how far you can go. A column of letters to the editor, is edited much the same way you would put out a front page. You want variety and interest, with a special eye for the issues that are evidently uppermost in the public mind. You seek the real and try to sniff out the phony. When you edit letters, for clarity or brevity, you strive at all cost to preserve the writer's own intent in writing.

At times, suffering from eyestrain and writer's cramp, I have threatened to open a school of journalism for writers of letters to the editor. It might produce more and better ones. But after all, the species is a citizen and a customer. And unlike us, he is an amateur who labors for love. We should cherish him.

He may speak in many and confused tongues and only occasionally do his plaints rise in such clear chorus that none may mistake what he believes and what he wants of his masters and his servants. His newspapers are his servants and we take him as he is. After all, he is older than the art of printing and he has been considered important for a long, long time. Remember? *Vox populi, vox Dei!*



THIS ISN'T MUSIC but it's an impressive spectacle when 70,000 spectators light up matches at Soldiers' Field in the course of the Chicago Tribune's music festival, outstanding example of such promotions across the United States.

Music Promotes Newspapers—By PHILIP MAXWELL

MUSIC is playing a much larger part in newspaper promotional activities. In the summertime, scores of papers are sponsoring outdoor festivals, such as does Chicago Tribune Charities, Inc., in its annual Chicagoland Music Festival in Soldiers' Field.

In the main, most of the programs feature local and other talent from the area covered by these newspapers, with a sprinkling of star entertainers and professional acts. Where contests are held, the festivals have the full support of music teachers for they provide a year-round teaching schedule where, before, summer was used as a vacation for student and instructor.

The music industry also is most co-operative with newspapers that promote such events. It realizes that in promoting these shows the newspapers are talking their language. Such organizations as the National Federation of Music Clubs, through its president, Mrs. Royden J. Keith, whole-heartedly cooperate with local musical committees in the planning and programming of the auditions and final concerts.

In fact, music can be relied upon to provide a medium combining all the elements of good promotion. It instructs, it entertains and, what is more, it helps keep the newspaper at the peak of cultural leadership in any community. And, in most cases, if management is careful, it costs little or

nothing as the readers are willing to provide adequate gate.

In attendance, music has taken its place alongside other Chicago Tribune promotions, such as boxing and football. It's a nip and tuck race between the Chicagoland Music Festival and the All-Star Football game to see which one has the most paid customers. Arch Ward, sports editor of the Tribune, might blue-pencil this statement and, if he should, I'd like to remind him that between halves he presents musical acts—and good ones, too. The time may come when the Chicagoland Music Festival may present a little football while the band plays on.

THE festival last summer in Soldiers' Field had something for everyone. The more than 8,000 men, women and children in the cast came from thirty states and Canada. Many times I am asked what I thought were the most outstanding features of a festival. That is like asking a father of six children which one he loves the most. But I do have an answer—and one that may seem odd—for to me the outstanding feature of the festival was the match-lighting ceremony with 70,000 persons participating.

The tribute to Egbert Van Alstyne, who plucked a real apple from a tree brought to Soldiers' Field by the Chamber of Commerce in his home town, Marengo, Ill., while the audience

sang his "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," was thrilling. I would have liked to have joined the 500 Park District recreation department bicycle riders as they rode smoothly around the macadam track to "Daisy Bell."

IT would have been fun to have led community singing, as did Frank Bennett of Chicago and Orville Rennie of Mt. Vernon, Iowa and Henry Weber's leading of the festival orchestra in the Festival March from "Tannhauser" and the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "Messiah" certainly were musical highlights of the evening. Beloved Alec Templeton had us all swaying.

Yes, there was something for everybody. It was a cold night, coldest of twenty-one festival nights, but the crowd was warmed with the rumba music of a Latin-American band, directed by Jose Bethancourt, who learned to play in his native Guatemala City. Never has the Festival Negro chorus of 1,000 sweet singers, under the direction of J. Wesley Jones, captured an audience like it did on that Saturday night.

But back to the matches. Perhaps you'd like to know how this spectacle originated. In 1938 a preliminary festival was held in Chicago's Garfield Park. As master-of-ceremonies I noticed people lighting their cigars and

(Turn to page 21)

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Iron Curtain Peephole

[Concluded from page 9]

them. The result is that London, listening to radio Moscow quoting Tass, often gets a Peiping story two or three hours before the Red Hong Kong news bureau here has it or before the Peiping radio carries it. As a veteran of almost five postwar years in China I can tell you that's really low gear.

FOR more than a year after the Reds took over China, three large Chinese papers here kept reporters in South China. The border was open and neither the British nor the Reds stopped movement of Chinese. Most of the Chinese reporters posed as traders to get to Canton or other South China points. They usually stayed a week to a month. Sometimes they couriered their stories out, sometimes waited and brought them out. Relays of reportorial teams were constantly going and coming. They had to be careful but they got out a lot of news.

Then this winter three Chinese newsmen were executed in Canton as "Nationalist agents." The traffic has dropped off. Some of the papers still send reporters in and out but they have to work farther underground and their stuff has become pretty much rumor. You aren't going to chase a story down in Canton if in so doing you expose yourself to the firing squad.

They seem to listen to the street and village gossip and let it go at that but there have been many stories from points near the Indochina border that have proved out. Stories of equipment moving into Indochina, training of Indochina communist troops, arrival of Russian technicians. There has never been any uniformity in China and that's still true under the Reds. One town may be the pit of peril for an outside Chinese reporter while in another town fifty miles away he can work in relative safety.

AP had many private sources inside Red China and still has some but none is directly connected any more. Too risky. We severed the last official link when a Chinese who had been retained in the middle section of the Yangtze valley to send me a weekly letter, dispatched a worried note by special courier "please fire me." I put a letter in the mail immediately discharging him. The roundup of "American imperialist agents" was starting and he wanted proof that he wasn't one. I suppose that could mean the difference between "reeducation" and "liquidation."

Until the Chinese aggression in Ko-



FRED HAMPSON (right) shown talking to Dr. Sun Fo, premier of China before it fell to Mao Tse-tung's Communists. This took place in Shanghai.

rea, Hong Kong in itself was unimportant except as a place to work—merely the windowpane on the ledge of a forbidden land.

But lately it has made news on its own. The Red's expansion policy, their indifference to international borders, posed a serious threat to Hong Kong's continuance as a British colony. The place is too small for military defense against mass forces. Its safety has rested on the sufferance of Peiping anyway. People began to leave.

Pan American Airways first evacuated wives and children. Then Chase Bank closed. (The bank didn't want to get caught in another Shanghai payoff squeeze where for all practical purposes it had to ransom its foreign employees before it was allowed to close). Then the U. S. consul general advised all unneeded Americans to leave. The

British began organizing civilian defense corps. There is no general evacuation but a lot of people are living out of suitcases, including some British who won't admit it.

Finally the U. S. government belatedly made the discovery that Hong Kong was a transshipping point through which vital materials were getting into Red China. An embargo resulted. That made Hong Kong less valuable to the Reds and increased its danger. So Hong Kong became a cold war pawn as well as a listening post.

It was almost a relief to cover these developments. At last we got on stories we could actually go and get ourselves. Like a refresher course in your trade.

But that is still the lesser part of the job. Hong Kong is basically the place where you take the daily pulse of Asiatic communism.

Music Promotes Newspapers

(Concluded from page 19)

cigarettes. There was a continual flickering of tiny light. I thought how effective it would be if those who smoked would all light up at the same time. On second thought, I realized that if everyone struck a match, preferably the old-fashioned, kitchen-sized match, how thrilling it would be. And that was the birth of the match-lighting ceremony.

We tried it out at the festival that

summer and the feature since has been relayed around America. The audiences did it at the war shows and I've heard of it being done in scores of stadiums. I'd like to end this report on this ceremony. One match in the dark doesn't make much light, but when we all cooperate and 70,000 or more people strike a match, the light is awe-inspiring. I'd like to think that America will continue to light the way for peace.

From Quill Readers

Editor, The Quill:

This is merely to prove that complaint and compliment can easily come from the same critic.

I think the February issue of THE QUILL was the finest I have seen. I liked the "Bylines in This Issue" arrangement; but, most of all, Philip Wylie's piece is excellent. Could we possibly have more of him? In my mind, he is one of our finest writers and one of the best journalistic electro-cardiograms anywhere.

Norm Shavin,
Louisville Times.

(Mr. Wylie is even now preparing another article for THE QUILL on a subject which has been uppermost in the minds of journalists for several years. We hear it, like "What Freedom of What Press?" will speak frankly on the subject.—Ed.)

Editor, The Quill:

What Phil Wylie completely overlooks is the most important press freedom of all, namely: the right to edit. There is no freedom of the press when an editor cannot refuse to print anything that he does not want to print no matter from what source it may come. The fact that some editors may, and some undoubtedly do, exercise this right in a manner that displeases the author of the article, or readers of the paper, in no wise lessens the importance of the right to edit as a basic press freedom.

I think that Brother Wylie's gripes are those of the amateur journalist rather than the professional. I do not mean this as any reflection whatever upon Mr. Wylie's talents, ability or integrity, but I do think that his own article shows that he has never been through the professional mill. Like Voltaire, I disagree with practically everything he says but heartily defend his right to say it, just as I would defend the right of an editor who didn't like it not to print it.

As a matter of fact, if there is one feature of American newspapers today which I think calls for the exercise of increasing publisher and editor discretion as to what to print and what not to print, it is the product of the syndicated columns. In my opinion, the most disgraceful things in American journalism today appear in the writings of the syndicated columnists, and if I were to advocate any reform it would be that more of them be discontinued, and that every editor scrutinize every column that reaches his

desk much more closely with a view to refusing to print those that reflect discredit upon the profession of journalism.

Luther Huston, Manager
Washington Bureau
New York Times

Editor, The Quill:

After reading THE QUILL for twenty-five years I have at last read an article I think meets the requirements of this magazine. Phil Wylie's "What Freedom of What Press?" analyzes the situation far better than any of the "dyed in the wool" Sigma Delta Chi members could have done.

Joseph B. Cowan,
Cowan-Gilliam Advertising Agency.
Ft. Worth, Tex.

Editor, The Quill:

The article by Phil Wylie (Feb. QUILL) . . . sounded more like the gripings of an unsuccessful columnist than a serious attempt at questioning whether there is press freedom.

Press freedom is a little broader than he envisions. He certainly enjoys the widest latitude of press freedom in putting across his thoughts in the books that he writes, but that doesn't mean that someone else has to make available their facilities to him just so he can say what he thinks.

Press freedom doesn't mean that a columnist should be carried every day whether he says anything worthwhile or not. The editor and the publisher are still responsible for everything that goes into the newspaper . . . and if they don't like or agree with what a columnist has to say then it is their prerogative not to print it.

My conception of press freedom doesn't mean that I have to permit every Tom, Dick and Harry to use the facilities of my printing press in which to spout off.

Robert U. Brown, Editor,
Editor & Publisher.
New York, N. Y.

Editor, The Quill:

"What Freedom of What Press?" by Philip Wylie is the best article I have read in THE QUILL during my twenty-five odd years of being a member of Sigma Delta Chi. It said a lot of things that needed desperately to be said. More and more the reading of most American newspapers and magazines is an occupation that turns the stomach of a man of intelligence.

This is too bad because the American daily and periodical press has a great tradition to live up to. It has not been doing it and as a result the press has been steadily losing ground. If the newspaper publishers are wise, they will take to their hearts Mr. Wylie's advice.

Thomas W. Duncan,
Apple Valley, Calif.

Editor, The Quill:

The perpetually indignant Mr. Wylie had nothing new to say in support of the charge that the newspapers are smothered by their advertisers and by various intolerant elements of the public, but he brightened the article by his colorful style.

However, it is remarkable that Mr. Wylie's furious protesting was beside the point. The freedom of the press that the Founding Fathers had in mind when they referred to it in the Constitution was simply freedom from governmental control and not freedom from protest and criticism by the reading public or from complaints from advertisers. Any publisher or editor in this country is free to trim his sails as he sees fit. Government does not interfere with him except in time of war. Mr. Wylie did not register any complaint whatever about government interference.

All newspapermen are aware of the strictures cited by Mr. Wylie. They are numerous and highly disconcerting. They are not so stifling as he says they are, but he is mistaken in assuming that the press denies their existence. They are simply a part of the climate in which a press free of government control and dictatorship works. Mr. Wylie seems to be angry with the press, when the real object of his wrath should be the elements of the public who refuse to let the press exercise all the freedom it is accorded under our governmental system. Human nature being what it is, the press will never have the kind of freedom Mr. Wylie has in mind.

B. C. Jefferson,
Editor, Editorial Page
Times Herald.
Dallas, Tex.

Editor, The Quill:

I've intended to compliment you on the improvement in THE QUILL . . . the February issue . . . was excellent. Publishing a writer of Wylie's caliber is in itself quite an accomplishment.

But I think the basic reason for QUILL's improvement can be summed up in one word: controversial. Articles are no longer confined entirely to innocuous subjects. They tackle problems that arouse emotions.

If we're ever going to gain recognition as a profession, we've got to engage in critical self-examination. The press has been regarded too long as a sacred cow, even by its members. As a result, it's shot through and through with weaknesses and shortcomings. **THE QUILL** is the place to air them.

E. L. Prizer
New York Associated Press

Editor, *The Quill*:

As a former European newspaperman I would like to comment on Philip Wylie's piece in the February *QUILL*.

I think we all know that the American press—like everything human—is neither infallible nor so perfect that it could not be improved.

But when it comes to freedom of the press in America I think it is quite necessary to have experienced what non-existence of press freedom really means. Who, outside of those European journalists who saw Germany's, Austria's, France's, Czechoslovakia's press change overnight from freedom to slavery, ever experienced it?

Who can talk about freedom of the press without a day in a country whose 100 odd newspapers received their news over one wire, from one man—leaving editors merely the freedom of make-up and publishers merely the freedom to use whatever different ads their salesmen sold in their area?

It happened—and it happened overnight. The date was January 30, 1933. The occasion was a small fire in the Reichstag building. The location: Berlin. The country: One of Europe's most idealistic democracies. And the man who made the news for all papers was Mr. Goebbels.

Beyond that—I think a country with such institutions as the New York Times and many other papers of world standing can point with pride at its press and at the freedom of the press. I am convinced that neither America, nor its public nor its newspapermen (and I am talking of course of those who take their profession seriously) will ever be enslaved.

Hendrik J. Berns
Miami, Florida *The Herald*

Editor, *The Quill*:

People in Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash., have gone out of their way to tell me how much improved *THE QUILL* had suddenly become. A man on the Oregonian told me that everyone around that office was talking about the Wylie article and trying to borrow copies to read it—especially the women.

J. M. McClelland, Jr.,
Editor, *Daily News*.
Longview, Wash.

THE QUILL for April 1951

Old Man Texas

[Concluded from page 17]

for a rough draft and crayon for the finished drawing, he has told the story of Dallas and Texas—America and the world—in easy-to-understand symbols. The Office of Price Stabilization becomes a traffic cop, the federal budget a padded mannequin, a war profiteer a greedy hog.

Knott has had letters from all over the world praising his work. And his cartoons have been published around the world. Presidents have asked for originals. And Texas GI's on far off battlefields have a touch of home when parents send them Knott cartoons clipped from the *News*.

Knott's fame among Texans—the people who love him and whom he has come to love—might never have come had he not seen the late James A. Boyd, postmaster and farmer at the little town of Lancaster near Dallas, come into the *News* building one day in 1906.

To Knott, Uncle Jimmy looked like



WERNER RENBERG chronicler of Dr. Knott, is a Dallas News reporter.

the typical Texan. He made a sketch of Uncle Jimmy and the meek farmer became the composite of a million Texans—patron saint of the Lone Star State—Old Man Texas.

papers 8M, 225M, 350M and wire service. S.B. Harvard, M.A. Stanford, Ex-Marine. Now employed in newspaper field, but see no avenue to Ed. Page. *The Quill*, Box 272.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

SITUATION WANTED—Editorial Assistant, late twenties. Information Specialist Washington at present. desires to move to NYC or Dallas. SMU Journalism grad. '46; special subject: Literary and Amusements. Any city job considered. Box 235, *The Quill*.

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SITUATION WANTED—Family man, 28. Journalism degree and year experience on semi-weekly desires change. Prefer small daily or weekly. Can handle reporting, editing—help with advertising. Presently employed. Can take responsibility. References. Box 249, *The Quill*.

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Experienced public relations and publicity man looking for change to Midwestern College. M.S. Univ. of Illinois. 27, also experienced as College Journalism instructor, alumni editor, sports publicity director, and adviser to student publication. Box 223, *The Quill*.

CALIFORNIA

Experienced daily, weekly, radio news editor and public relations director. Now company publication editor. Interested only in secure, advanced position. Box 171, *The Quill*.

EDITORIAL—25 year old veteran. B. S. in Journalism. 3 years experience including Metropolitan reporting. East Coast newspaper or newsmagazine desired. Box 212, *The Quill*.

Young experienced newsmen wants citywide job with chance to join Ed. Page Staff. Have handled sports, general assignments, rewrite,

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